

07-09-1985-p. 8

unlock the truck by himself. JVB appeared genuinely frightened of me when I arrived -- he dashed into the house and started putting on his shoes in order to help me do whatever I was up to. When he learned what I was up to, he volunteered to do it by himself & on Wednesday -- partly, perhaps, to spare me the necessity of doing it, but largely, I believe / I realize, in order to get rid of me. He wanted to get rid of me because he had a young girl there and he was clearly interested in seducing her. Certainly I understood, <sup>without him having said a word</sup> and very quickly took my leave. Before leaving, JVB told me that he had something for me in the house, and we went in & he gave me several of his new business cards (see p. 07-09-1985-p. 2).

JVB & Harmon, <sup>together with their "women"</sup> in the absence of their parents, are re-creating the parental roles. Both are strutting around "their" house and are playing <sup>in front of their "women"</sup> lords of the manor, they are both being very very narrow and, it would appear, are clearly interested in encasing themselves in the same rapid bourgeois world that their parents epitomize. What a tragedy, what a tragedy. JVB is capable

07-09-1985-p. 9

of so much and yet frequently contented himself with so little. All I can do is try to gently describe to John what he is doing to himself -- he is becoming everything that he says he hates.

Before taking my leave <sup>of JVB</sup> this son, I said to him (in the kitchen when he gave me some of his business cards): "When you have a couple of hours sometime, I would like to talk to you." He replied: "Ok," and we parted on more or less friendly terms. As I drove out of the yard, JVB very conspicuously <sup>and lustily</sup> went back to "the party" -- which had gathered at the pool. I had the impression that I was witnessing a scene out of some B movie about California suburban living. As I drove home I was enormously relieved that the past week is over. As I passed <sup>into Box 40</sup> the Golf Course, I stopped and put a <sup>for PLWP</sup> package of some kind of plants or bulbs that arrived at Post office Box 161 today.

Where's where is my Dupont pen? -- the repair people in Boston have had it for at least a month, possibly longer. My "BIC Roller writer" -- medium point -- is OK, but nothing can compare to the Dupont pens.